MARVEL

652

BIG TIME

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

Slott

Caselli

Delgado

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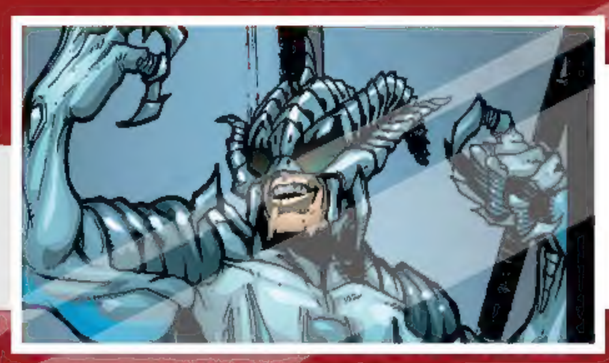
HORIZON

FOOLPROOF PLANS:
SUPER-VILLAIN MESSAGE BOARD

AUTHOR



SPIDER-SLAYER
Alistair Smythe

MESSAGE

J. Jonah Jameson must pay for his crimes! My father slaved over spider-slayers for Jameson for years and died an agonizing death from radiation exposure. But soon, Jameson too will know that there are pains worse than death! I will kill everyone he loves!

His son:
Colonel John Jameson

Space Pilot.

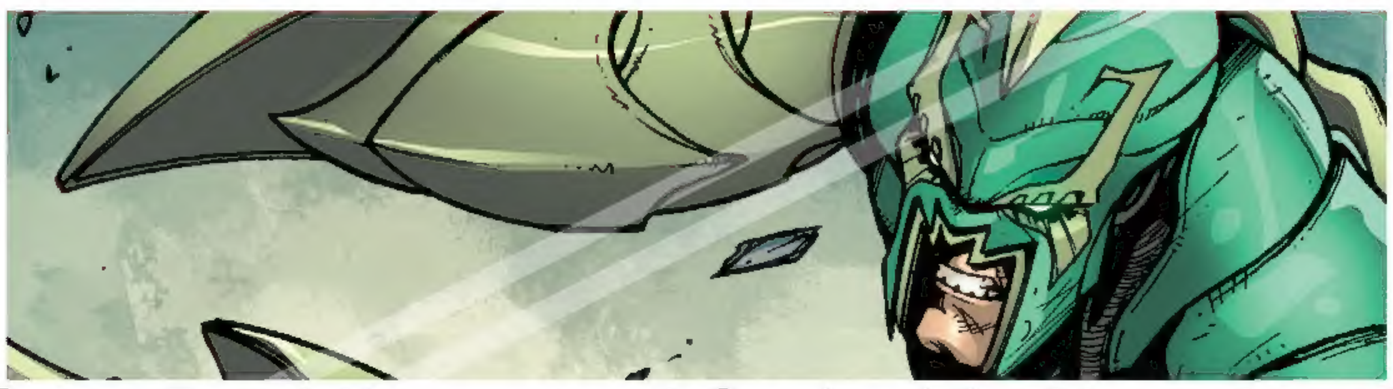
His wife:
Dr. Marla Jameson

She recently used her connections to get Peter Parker his dream job in the think tank at Horizon Labs.

And (most importantly) his father: Jay Jameson Sr.

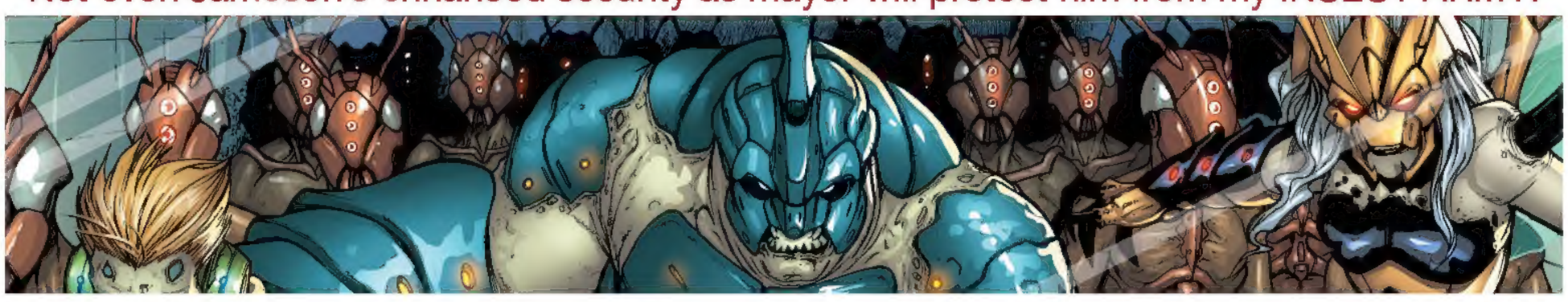
Married to Peter Parker's Aunt May.

As well as anyone else Jameson cares about who dares to get in my way! And I am not alone. There are others Jameson has wronged:



Mac Gargan – Formerly Venom, once again Scorpion, victim of Jameson's experiments

Not even Jameson's enhanced security as mayor will protect him from my INSECT ARMY!



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HONESTLY, AUNT MAY'S THE REASON I NEVER WENT OUT FOR SPORTS.

GO!!

MURDER THE BUMS!

NO JOKE. YOU CAN'T TAKE HER TO *ANY* GAME. BUT TONIGHT'S SPECIAL.

IT'S THE FIRST NIGHT OF ROLLER DERBY...

...AND *MY* GIRL'S PLAYING.

KILL 'EM, CARLIE!

GO, COOPER! BLOCK THAT JAMMER!

Hunter College Sportplex at 68th & Lex. MIDTOWN MAULERS VS. THE BRONX BOMBSHELLS

AND IT'S BEEN *TOO* LONG SINCE I'VE DONE THIS. HANGING OUT WITH FRIENDS AND FAMILY...

WOO! MAULERS!

MARY JANE.

C'MON, COOP! SHOW SOME HUSTLE!

WHAT HE SAID.

FLASH & BETTY. (I LIKE THAT THEY'RE BACK TOGETHER.)

WHY MAY, I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS SIDE OF YOU. YOU KNOW...

I'VE GOT BOX SEATS TO THE KNICKS--

JAY, DARLING. *SHH.* THE GAME'S ON!

AND, OF COURSE, MY FAVORITE NEWLYWEDS, MR. & MRS. JAY JAMESON SR.

THIS'S ALL GOOD. NOT EVEN A HINT OF THE OL' *"PARKER LUCK."* SO FOR ONCE, YOURS TRULY IS GONNA SIT BACK AND *ENJOY* EVERY MINUTE OF IT.

CARLIE! ARMS IN! IT'LL IMPROVE YOUR TURNING RADIUS!

AND... UM...GO TEAM!

LOOK AT PETER. HAVEN'T SEEM HIM LIKE THIS IN AGES. HE'S SO...

...HAPPY.

WHATTYA KNOW. PETER PARKER *FINALLY* PULLED IT OFF.

HE GOT HIS LIFE TOGETHER. JUGGLING SPIDER-MAN, HIS DREAM JOB, *AND* A GIRL.

HE DID IT ALL.

JUST...NOT WITH ME.

WHAP

UNHH

THAT'S *MESSED UP.* WHAT? *I'M* NOT GOOD ENOUGH? AND C'MON... *"CARLIE COOPER"?* REALLY?

LIKE *SHE'S* THE *ONE?* PLEASE! WHY CAN'T SHE JUST FALL OFF A CLIFF OR SOMETHING--

LOOK OUT!

TUMP

OW! SORRY, MARY JANE...

OH MY GOD!

JEEZ. I FEEL LIKE A TOTAL JERK. WISHING HARM ON SOMEONE...

...JUST 'CAUSE SHE'S THE "*NEXT GIRL*"? THAT IS ***NOT*** THE MARY JANE WATSON WAY.

YOU OKAY?

I'LL BE FINE. JUST PUT ME BACK IN, COACH.

CARLIE?

YEAH, MJ?

GO GET 'EM, TIGER.

LADY, YOU ARE ONE CLASS ACT.

YEAH, YEAH...

ABOUT TOMORROW, MAY, SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO COME?

MARLA AND I PLANNED A SPA DAY SPECIFICALLY...

...SO THE JAMESON BOYS COULD SPEND TIME TOGETHER.

I'M STILL UNEASY AROUND MY SON. AND GRANDSON. BUT IF *YOU* WERE THERE...

JAY, I PROMISE. YOU'LL SURVIVE ONE DAY WITHOUT ME.

REVENGE OF THE SPIDER-SLAYER

PART ONE: ARMY OF INSECTS

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New Jersey, Andru Air Force Base.

LAUNCH SITE FOR THE NEW VERTEX SHUTTLE.

THAT'S THE MAYOR'S MOTORCADE, ISN'T IT?

VERY CLEAN LINES ON THE VERTEX SHUTTLE. ELEGANT DESIGN. MY FATHER AND I...

...WE USED TO BUILD ROCKETS TOGETHER WHEN I WAS A BOY. DID I TELL YOU?

SMYTHE?!

MY APOLOGIES, SCORPION. SCANNING NOW. YES, JAMESON'S IN THE SECOND CAR. WITH HIS WIFE AND THE GRANT WOMAN.

AND HIS SON'S ON BASE. THAT'S FOUR TARGETS IN ONE PLACE. WE SHOULD STRIKE.

WE WAIT. AND IT'S THREE TARGETS, FLY. WHEN ALL IS DONE, WE'RE LEAVING JAMESON ALIVE. UNDERSTOOD?

...

YES.

WHAT'S FLY-GIRL'S STORY.

PAULA CRANE. HER FAMILY BUSINESS WAS DESTROYED BY A BUGLE EXPOSé BACK WHEN JAMESON RAN THE PAPER.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY PEOPLE TRULY HATE THAT MAN.

NO. I WOULDN'T. HE'S A MONSTER.

THIS IS EXCELSIOR 1, TO ANDRU GROUND. BRUSH TOP IS IN THE BOX. CONFIRM.

THIS IS ANDRU GROUND, WE READ YOU. PLEASE INFORM THE MAYOR...

...WE'RE HONORED TO HAVE HIM ON SITE. AND THAT HIS SON IS WAITING FOR HIM BY THE GANTRY.

"BRUSH TOP"? DAMMIT, MULDOON, I THOUGHT WE AGREED ON *MAVERICK*, *POPPA BEAR*, OR *THE EAGLE!*

ALL TAKEN, YOUR HONOR. *HAD* TO GO WITH "*BRUSH TOP.*" SIR.

NO ONE, I REPEAT, NO ONE TELL HIM WHAT THE OTHER SUGGESTIONS WERE.

YES, MS. GRANT.

SOMETHING DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT. MARLA?

BZZZ

MY GOOD FRIEND, MAX MODELL, IS OVERSEEING THIS LAUNCH, DEAR.

AND HE ASSURES ME HE'S TRIPLE-CHECKED JOHN'S SHUTTLE. HE'LL BE FINE.

NO. IT'S THESE *BUGS!*

TOO MANY DAMN BUGS. GETTING EATEN ALIVE OVER HERE.

I'M THE MAYOR! SOMEONE DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!

SMAK

OF COURSE, YOUR HONOR. WE'LL GET RIGHT ON THAT.

THERE HE IS, MY BOY! HERO OF THE HOUR!

COLONEL JOHN JAMESON!

HI, POP. I THINK SOME INTRODUCTIONS ARE IN ORDER. THIS IS JUERGEN MUNTZ, OUR CHIEF ASTRONAUTICAL ENGINEER.

AN OUTDATED TERM. I THINK OF MYSELF AS THE FIRST "*AEROTECT*", AN ARCHITECT...TO THE *STARS!*

JUERGEN. YOU'RE KILLING ME.

YOUR HONOR, I'M MAX MODELL. I'M SURE YOUR WIFE'S MENTIONED--

YES, YES. BIG MAN AT HORIZON LABS. IF YOUR COMPANY'S SO GREAT, WHY'S MY VCR KEEP BLINKING TWELVE?

WE DON'T MAKE VCRS...

AH. AND LAST UP, MY SHIP, THE VERTEX SHUTTLE. TOMORROW, THANKS TO HER EXPERIMENTAL ENGINES...

...I SHOULD MAKE IT TO HORIZON'S SPACE STATION IN A FRACTION OF THE TIME.

"*EXPERIMENTAL*"? AS IN "*UNTESTED*," AS IN--OUTTA THE MIND OF THAT MUNTZ MANIAC?!

IF YOU EGGHEADS THINK I'M LETTING YOU STRAP MY SON INTO THAT *TIN CAN*--

--YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMING! AND FURTHERMORE--

MR. MODELL, IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU COULD DO TO DEFUSE THIS...?

OF COURSE, MS. GRANT.

MAYOR JAMESON, IF IT HELPS, I CAN ALSO BRING IN MY NEW TOP MAN. I BELIEVE YOU KNOW HIM?

PETER PARKER?

PARKER?! WHEN DID THAT WET-NOSED KID GET OUTTA GRAD SCHOOL? *LAST WEEK?*

SEE, JONAH? PETER'LL BE THERE. AND YOU KNOW HE'S A TOTAL GENIUS.

FEEL BETTER?

MAYBE. BUT IF YOU EVER TELL PARKER I SAID THAT, YOU'RE *FIRED.*

'NIGHT, EVERYBODY. THANKS FOR COMING!
PETE AND I ARE GONNA HANG BACK. I PROMISED HIM A QUICK SKATING LESSON.
GOOD LUCK WITH THAT, MS. COOPER. AND PETER...?
...LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE SEEING YOU TOMORROW.
I JUST GOT A TEXT FROM MY GRANDSON JOHN.
APPARENTLY MAX MODELL WANTS YOU TO HELP WITH THE SHUTTLE LAUNCH.
I GET TO PLAY AROUND WITH A GIANT ROCKET? DO I HAVE THE BEST JOB OR WHAT?
SEE YOU THERE, JAY.
I'M NOT THE MAN THEY THINK I AM AT HOME. OH NO NO NO-- I'M A ROCKET MA-A-AN!
LOOK AT YOU. MY BOYFRIEND, THE ROCKET SCIENTIST.
HERE. WE BETTER PROTECT THAT BIG BRAIN OF YOURS, MR. PARKER.
I THOUGHT I HAD MY OWN ROLLER DERBY *SLASH* POLICE GAL FOR THAT?
SMEK
A-HA! I *KNEW* YOU LIKED THE HELMET MORE THAN ME.
C'MON, YOU...

...LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT!

LADY, I'VE GOT MOVES YOU'VE NEVER... SEE-YEE-YEE

OKAY, PARKER. TIME TO PUT ON A SHOW.

PETE!

YEEAHH!

TRUST ME, THIS IS HARDER THAN IT LOOKS.

FOR A GOOD TEN MINUTES, I GET MY BODY TO IGNORE EVERYTHING MY SPIDER-SENSE AND POWERS ARE TELLING IT TO DO.

DEFINITELY ONE OF MY FINER PERFORMANCES. UP THERE WITH THE TIME I GOT HYDRO-MAN TO THINK HE DROWNED ME. TWICE.

G-G-GOOD FIRST EFFORT, P-P-PETE--

HAVING A HARD TIME SAYING IT WITH A STRAIGHT FACE, AREN'T YOU?

YES. HA HA HA! OH. I'M SORRY.

WHAT SAY I HIT THE SHOWERS, THEN WE GET SOME DINNER? ON ME.

SOUNDS GOOD, ROLLER GIRL.

YOU GONNA BE OKAY OUT HERE?

YEAH. DON'T WORRY. I'LL FIND SOMETHING TO DO.

ALL RIGHT, I LIED. *THIS* IS WHY I NEVER WENT OUT FOR SPORTS.

'CAUSE I WOULD'VE BEEN *AWESOME!*

WITH MY SPIDER-STRENGTH, SPEED, AND AGILITY, NOTHING COULD'VE STOPPED ME...

...FROM LANDING *ANY* SPORTS SCHOLARSHIP--OR GETTING ON ANY *PROFESSIONAL* TEAM I WANTED.

NOTHING EXCEPT A SENSE OF *RESPONSIBILITY.* AND A TINY BIT OF PRIDE.

KNOWING THAT I COULD MAKE IT SOMEDAY--WITH WHAT *PETER PARKER* HAS TO OFFER...

...INSTEAD OF SPIDER-MAN AND ALL OF HIS AMAZING POW--

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

BRAVO!

ERR...

ENCORE! NICE MOVES, MR. P.

OH! MARY JANE... WHAT'S UP?

CLAP CLAP CLAP

SHE'S ONE OF THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO KNOWS MY SECRET IDENTITY. THAT'S ***WHY*** MY SPIDER-SENSE DIDN'T GO OFF.

BUT THAT LOOK ON HER FACE? THAT'S GOT MY PETER PARKER-SENSE TINGLING. THIS IS ***NOT*** GONNA BE GOOD.

I'VE BEEN THINKING. YOU AND CARLIE. THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS?

MAYBE.

GONNA LET HER IN ON YOUR SECRET?

NO.

WHY NOT?

LOTS OF REASONS. ***SUPER HERO*** REASONS. BUT HONESTLY...

...IF THIS ***IS*** GOING SOMEWHERE, I WANT HER TO KNOW THE ***REAL*** ME.

SPIDEY ***IS*** THE REAL YOU.

SAYS THE GIRL WHO KNEW I WAS SPIDER-MAN FROM DAY ONE. IF SOMEONE'S GONNA LOVE ME, I NEED TO EARN IT AS PLAIN OL' PETE...

...OR IS THAT TOO...

HEY, GUYS.

...COMPLICATED.

MJ? WHAT'RE YOU STILL DOING HERE?

I FORGOT SOMETHING.

MY HAT.

I FORGOT MY HAT. BUT NOW I'VE GOT IT. SO I'LL BE GOING.

NOW.

SHE'S A RIOT.

YES. YES SHE IS.

HEY, COOPER. WE SHOULD HOOK UP LATER. DO THAT GIRL-TALK-THING.

SOUNDS FUN.

AND AGAIN. PARKER-SENSE... TINGLING.

CARLIE, I'M BEGGING YOU-- AS A PERSONAL FAVOR-- CAN WE TALK ABOUT ANYTHING *BUT*--

THAT MARY JANE IS A REAL CHARACTER.

--MY EX.

AND SHE'S YOUR FRIEND. PROBABLY YOUR BEST FRIEND.

THAT'S TRUE. AND YOU'RE OKAY WITH THAT?

ABSOLUTELY.

WELL...TAKE ME. YOU KNOW I'M GOOD FRIENDS WITH SPIDER-MAN. AND *YOU'RE* COOL WITH THAT, RIGHT?

UM. YEAH.

NEVER THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY. BUT WITH ALL THE PEOPLE CARLIE'S LOST OR HAVE GONE AWAY, SPIDER-MAN *IS* ALMOST HER BEST FRIEND. THAT'S WEIRD.

SO I WAS THINKING...

...SPIDEY AND MJ WOULD MAKE A CUTE COUPLE. WE SHOULD SET 'EM UP.

WHAMP

AAAND CUE "PARKER LUCK."

JUST KEEP REMINDING YOURSELF...

...IT'S ALL GOOD. FRIENDS, FAMILY, CUTE GIRL, COOL JOB, AND TOMORROW...

...YOU GET TO PLAY AROUND WITH ROCKETS.

MR. PARKER? EARTH TO PETER.

WHAT? OH, RIGHT. I WAS "SPACING". SORRY, BOSS. YESTERDAY MY GIRLFRIEND SAID SOMETHING, AND WHAMP---

...I WALKED INTO A DOOR WITH THE PROPORTIONATE STRENGTH OF A...

...NORMAL PERSON.

SO, THIS IS YOUR "NEW TOP MAN," MAX? VERRRY IMPRESSIVE.

PETER, FOCUS. FOR THE SAKE OF THE SHUTTLE CREW...

...LET'S GO OVER THESE SAFETY CHECKS AGAIN, SHALL WE?

IT MEANS A LOT TO HAVE YOU AT ONE OF MY FLIGHTS, SIR.

IT'S A PRIVILEGE TO BE HERE, JOHN. GODSPEED.

HA! WATCHING MY BOY HEROICALLY HURL HIMSELF INTO THE COSMOS?

THIS IS OLD HAT FOR ME. GIVE 'EM HELL, JOHNNY!

EVERYTHING CHECKS OUT ON OUR END, COLONEL.

THANKS, MAX. JUERGEN.

GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT, PETE.

SAFE FLIGHT, JOHN JUNIOR!

WOW. TALK ABOUT YOUR FULL-CIRCLE. IT WASN'T THAT LONG AFTER I BECAME SPIDER-MAN...

...THAT I ATTENDED ONE OF JOHN JAMESON'S LIFT-OFFS.

WHAT A LUCKY BREAK! IT FIT IN PLACE AS SMOOTH AS SILK!

IN FACT, STOPPING HIS ROCKET MODULE FROM CRASHING WAS THE FIRST BIG CHECK IN MY WIN COLUMN.

I'LL ALWAYS BE A LITTLE EXTRA PROUD OF THAT ONE.

'CAUSE NO MATTER WHAT J. JONAH JAMESON SAYS ABOUT ME, NOTHING WILL EVER CHANGE THE FACT...

...THAT THE FIRST GUY I EVER SAVED WAS HIS ONE AND ONLY--

AHH!

SPIDER-SENSE! GOING OFF LIKE CRAZY! DANGER... EVERYWHERE!

PETER?

GOTTA GO. MUST'VE HURT MYSELF MORE THAN I THOUGHT.

UM... WHATEVER YOU DO, MAX, DON'T START THE LAUNCH WITHOUT ME, OKAY? SOMETHING'S OFF!

HMM.

MR. MODELL, TELL ME YOU'RE NOT TAKING THAT--*FLAKE* SERIOUSLY.

WE'VE GONE OVER THESE SYSTEMS A DOZEN TIMES.

JUERGEN, I'VE SEEN PETER PARKER IN ACTION. WHEN IT COMES TO SCIENCE, HIS INSTINCTS ARE PRACTICALLY PRESCIENT.

IF *HE* THINKS SOMETHING'S WRONG, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

YOU'RE KIDDING. HE BARELY HAD TIME TO LOOK AT MY SCHEMATICS.

EXACTLY. WE'VE PORED OVER THIS DATA FOR MONTHS. HE'S A FRESH SET OF EYES. PERHAPS WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO IT.

PLEASE, IF ANYTHING WERE OUT OF PLACE, *I'D* NOTICE.

Andru Air Force Base, Ground Control.

GETTING A CALL FROM MAX MODELL.

HORIZON LABS IS PUTTING A HOLD ON THE LAUNCH. WE ARE NOT GOOD TO GO.

REPEAT. WE ARE NOT GOOD TO--

RRRRAMMMMM

WHAT THE--? WE HAVE IGNITION?! HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?!

CLEAR THE FIELD! INITIATE ABORT SEQUENCE!

TEK TEK TEK

WHAT IN *BLUE BLAZES* IS GOING ON, MODELL?!

BLAST-OFF ISN'T FOR ANOTHER HOUR! WHAT'RE YOU PLAYING AT?!

THIS SHOULDN'T BE HAPPENING AT *ALL*, MR. JAMESON.

WE POSTPONED THE LAUNCH AFTER PETER SPOTTED AN IRREGULARITY...

BUT WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT.

YES. NOT SINCE MAX'S WONDER BOY TOOK OFF.

HE DID WHAT?!

PARKER!

ALAN, ACCESS ENGINE OVERRIDE. WE ARE *SCRUBBING* THE MISSION! ALAN?

ALAN CARMICHAEL IS DEAD, MR. LYNBROOK. ALONG WITH THIRTY PERCENT OF YOUR STAFF.

W-WHAT?

EVER HEAR OF JUMPING SPIDERS?

WHAT?!

FWIP

FWIP

FWIP

JUMPING SPIDERS. THEY DISGUISE THEMSELVES...

...TO LOOK LIKE COMMON ANTS...

...WHEN IN REALITY THEY ARE DEADLY PREDATORS.

BZZZ

ABORT!

ANDRU, COME IN! THIS'S CAPTAIN REDFIELD. CONTROLS ARE UNRESPONSIVE! COPY!

YES, CAPTAIN. YOU AND THE COLONEL HAVE BEEN LOCKED OUT.

OR RATHER LOCKED IN. LIKE BUGS IN A KILLING JAR.

PLAYTHINGS FOR MY AMUSEMENT. SPEAKING OF WHICH...

...IT'S TIME TO START THE SHOW.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING.

IT SEEMS TODAY'S FLIGHT WILL GO ON AS PLANNED, BUT WITH ONE MINOR EXCEPTION...

...THE GOOD COLONEL WILL BE TAKING A ONE-WAY TRIP, AS THE BOOSTER ROCKETS HAVE BEEN RIGGED TO EXPLODE.

AND YOU, MAYOR JAMESON, WILL HAVE A FRONT ROW SEAT, AS YOUR SON BURNS BRIGHTLY IN THE MIDDAY SKY.

JONAH!

THAT VOICE! I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE! *SMYTHE*, YOU SICK, DISEASED *PSYCHO!* YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

SON...?

WE HAVE TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE!

NONSENSE! NOT WHILE MY SON'S IN DANGER! *YOU!* MEN! DON'T JUST *STAND* THERE!

TAKE BACK THE COMMAND CENTER, DAGBLASTIT!

WE SHOULD GO...

PLEASE, JONAH. WE'VE GOTTA GO-- *NOW!*

I'M NOT GOING *ANYWHERE*, MS. GRANT, UNTIL JOHN IS--

UP THERE! WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME--?

HEAVEN HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS, JAMESON SR.

THIS IS THE WELL-EARNED WRATH OF ALISTAIRE SMYTHE!

OPEN FIRE!

BRRRT

BRRRT

BRRRTTTT

A PLAGUE OF MY OWN DESIGN...

PTING

PKAW

TNGG

...FOR THE PURPOSE OF SLAYING BOTH JONAH'S FIRST BORN...

I HAVE THE TARGET IN SIGHT.

...AND HIS LOVING FATHER.

OH MY...

THANKS A LOT, SMYTHE!

LOOK AT YOU. SLAYING SONS. SLAYING FATHERS.

AND HERE I THOUGHT WE HAD SOMETHING SPECIAL.

SMACK

SPIDER-MAN?!! HOW PREDICTABLE.

BE WARNED. I HAVE TAKEN ADEQUATE PRECAUTIONS.

AWW. HOW SWEET.

FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT OF THE SPIDER-SLAYING GAME ALTOGETHER.

SHOK

THOK

YOU WEB-HEADED HALF-WIT! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!

WHAPP

THIS WAY, MR. JAMESON, HURRY!

GLORY, WAIT FOR-- JUNIOR!

STOP THAT THIS INSTANT!

THE AIR FORCE AND MY MEN HAVE GOT THIS!

WHAT?! YOU--YOU'RE CERTIFIABLE, YOU KNOW THAT?

WHEN WILL YOU GET IT THROUGH THAT THICK SKULL OF YOURS--

--I'M AN *AVENGER!* A CARD-CARRYING *HERO!*

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

NO! YOU, BRAIN-DEAD BUG! MY *SON* IS ON THAT THING!

IT'S TAKING OFF! AND *YOU* ARE THE *ONLY ONE* WHO CAN *STOP IT!*

AS YOUR *MAYOR*, I'M ORDERING YOU TO *GO! NOW!*

BUT YOU, JAY, AND GLORY--

IF I LEAVE YOU HERE--

MAYBE THEY'D MAKE IT OUT. MAYBE THEY WOULDN'T.

BUT JOHN JAMESON? JONAH'S RIGHT. HE WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE AT ALL.

NO TIME LEFT. HAVE TO CHOOSE.

THWIP

OH GOD...

...WHAT HAVE I DONE?

JONAH. GLORY GRANT. JAY SENIOR...

NO TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT.

ARMS GETTING PULLED FROM THEIR SOCKETS!

GETTING ROASTED ALIVE!

MOVE IT, PARKER!!!

AARGHH!

MADE IT!

THAT--THAT TOOK EVERYTHING I HAD.

AND IT'S SO DAMN HARD TO HOLD ON.

GOTTA KEEP GOING. FIND A WAY TO UNCOUPLE THE SHUTTLE.

I-I CAN DO THIS. C'MON, SPIDEY. HARD PART'S OVER--

SPIDER!

SMYTHE THOUGHT YOU'D SHOW!

STICK YOUR NOSE IN THINGS!

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE!

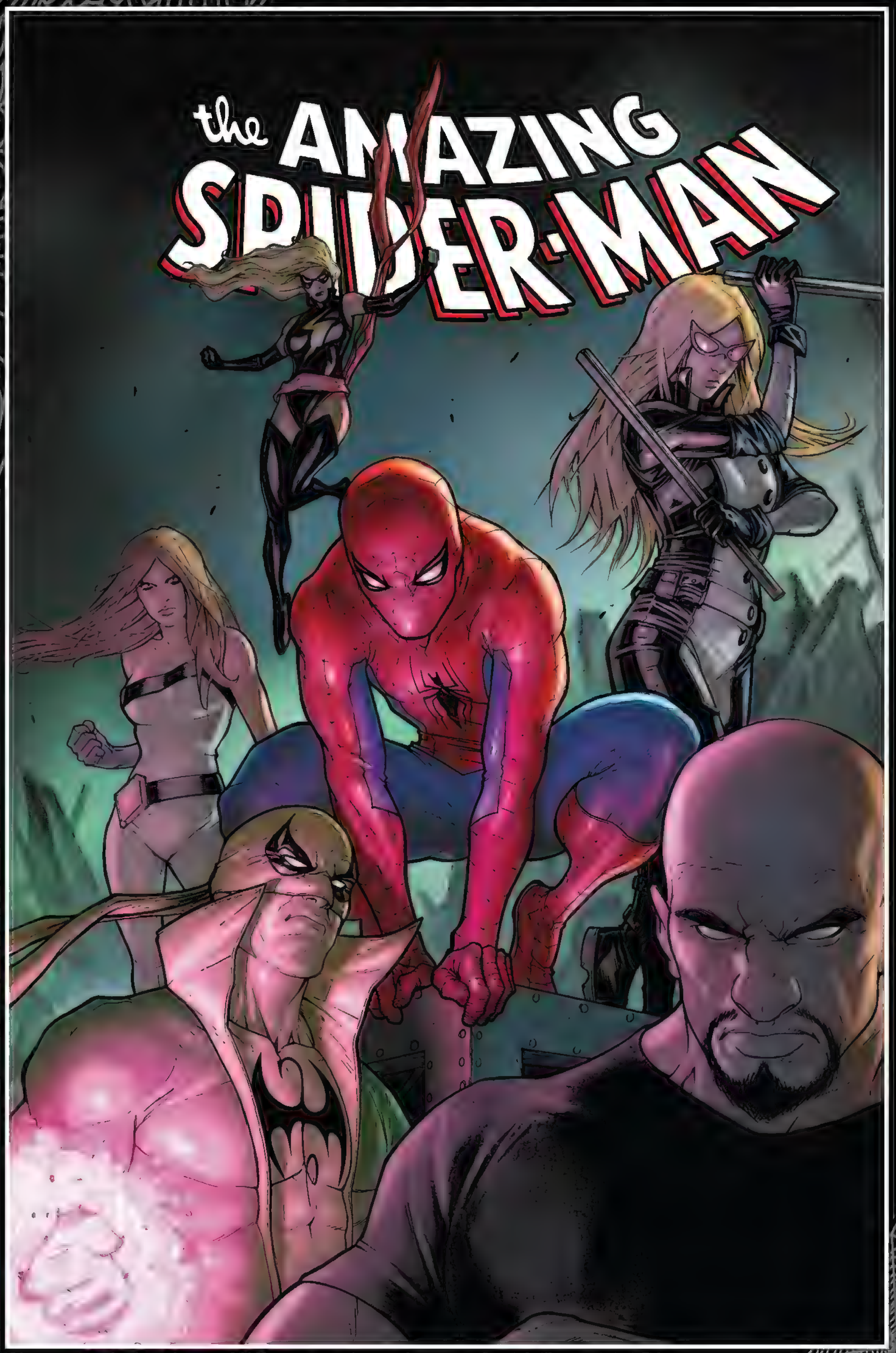
GARGAN? THE SCORPION?!

WE GOT RULES FOR LETTING JAMESON LIVE-- NOT YOU!

YOU CAN DIE!

To Be Continued...

NEXT WEEK!



THE PRESENTATION OF THE CEREMONIAL *KEY* TO NEW YORK CITY DATES BACK TO 1702...

...WHEN *WALL STREET* WAS STILL *WALLED* AND HAD A *LOCKED GATE* IN IT...

J. JONAH JAMESON, MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

...SO THIS GIFT MEANT FREE, UNFETTERED ENTRY FOR THE RECIPIENT, AND THE HIGHEST SIGN OF CIVIC TRUST.

SO IT IS ONLY *FITTING* THAT TODAY MAYOR JAMESON PRESENTS THAT KEY TO...

I HATE YOU. I HATE YOU SO MUCH...

MY TONGUE HAS BEEN OUT AT YOU THIS WHOLE TIME UNDER MY MASK.

I'M ONLY DOING THIS BECAUSE *STEVE ROGERS* SAID THE *AVENGERS* WOULD STOP SAVING THE CITY IF I *DIDN'T*.

HE SO *DID NOT* SAY THAT.

DON'T EVEN *THINK* ABOUT CRUSHING MY HAND WITH YOUR SATANIC STRENGTH.

SPIDER- STRENGTH.

YOU USE YOUR TERM, I'LL USE MINE.

SEE ASM #649 IF YOU WANT TO CHECK --CIVIC STEVE

HEY--YO! PARDON ME?

TRYING TO GET THROUGH HERE!

4

AWRIGHT-- JUST *REMEMBER*--

--YOU BROUGHT THIS ON *YOURSELVES!*

AAHHH!

WHOOOOM

I *APPRECIATE* IT THOUGH--I GOTTA MAKE AN *ENTRANCE!*

NOT ENOUGH PEOPLE *KNOW* ABOUT ME YET-- STILL EARNIN' A *REP* AS THE ALL-NEW--

POWER MAN!

LOCK AND/OR KEY

WRITTEN BY FRED VAN LENTE
PENCILS BY REILLY BROWN
INKS BY VICTOR OLAZABA
COLORS BY ANDRES MOSSA
LETTERS BY VC'S CARAMAGNA
ELLIE PYLE
ASSISTANT EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER
SENIOR EDITOR

"POWER MAN"? COULD YOU COME UP WITH A MORE *GENERIC* VILLAIN NAME?

YOUR COSTUME SHOULD BE ALL *WHITE* WITH BLACK LETTERING AND A *UPC CODE* ON IT.

"MISTOOK-YOU-FOR-A-VILLAIN," HUH? S'ALL *GOOD*--FIST *TRAINED* ME FOR THIS.

MISTOOK?

FIST?

THIS?

Last Week.

IRON FIST'S SCHOOL OF THUNDER DOJO HARLEM.

WOLVERINE?

NO.

ELEKTRA?

NO.

HAWKEYE?

C'MON, *NOBODY* LIKES HAWKEYE.

I AM NOT TEACHING YOU HOW TO BEAT UP OTHER SUPER HEROES, VICTOR!

PFFF. WHY NOT? YOU ARE SO LAME.

AND *OLD*.

INSTEAD, YOU'RE MAKING ME PLAY *ROCKY* WITHOUT MY *POWERS*--THAT'S A *WASTE*.

HARDLY. *DEADLY NIGHTSHADE* WAS ABLE TO SHUT OFF YOUR POWER TO ABSORB CHI WITH A BIOELECTRIC JAMMER.*

THAT HAPPENS AGAIN, I WANT YOU TO BE PREPARED.

*IN SHADOWLAND POWER MAN. --SHADY STEVE

C'MON, MAN--GIMME SOME *TIPS!* BET AS IRON FIST YOU TANGLED WITH *ALL* THE A-LISTERS.

MORE OR LESS...ALL PART OF "*LIVING BY THE SWORD*," I GUESS...

OKAY, HOW ABOUT *THIS* THEN:

ANY OF THOSE GUYS YOU *WEREN'T* ABLE TO BEAT?

WELL...

HUH. GOOD QUESTION. OKAY, I'M FINALLY SEEING SOME *HUMILITY* HERE.

I HELD MY OWN AGAINST HIM, BUT *SPIDER-MAN* IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN HE LOOKS.

WHAAA? THAT GOOFBALL? *SERIOUS?*

HE'S AN INCREDIBLY FAST, STRONG, AND *SMART* GOOFBALL--

--AND, ON TOP OF *ALL* THAT--

"--HE SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE YOU'RE PUNCHING BEFORE *YOU* DO. HE HAS... SOME KIND OF LOW-GRADE *TELEPATHY*."

NO JOKE.

"MAKES ME WISH I HAD *YOUR* CHI POWERS, VIC.

DO YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE BEFORE OR *AFTER* I KNOCK YOU OUT?

"YOU COULD USE THE ABILITY TO READ THE FLOW OF *LIFEFORCE* THAT COURSES THROUGH ALL THINGS TO MOVE ONE STEP AHEAD OF *YOURSELF*--

"--AND THUS, ONE STEP AHEAD OF *HIM*."

UHHHHHNNHHHH!

WHOOOOM

KKRRAAASSSHH

AW, YEAH!

THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!

YOU GOT THE POWER, BABY!!

YOU BEAT THE ONE GUY IRON FIST COULDN'T!!

I'M *NEVER* GONNA LET HIM LIVE THIS DOWN...

THWAAPPP

GAHH!

WAIT. *IRON FIST*? YOU'RE THE *APPRENTICE HERO* HE WAS TELLING ME ABOUT?

YEAH, POWER MAN! I *SAID* THAT!

I DON'T FOLLOW WHAT HE DOES ENOUGH TO REMEMBER YOUR NAME! I CAN BARELY KEEP TRACK OF MY *OWN* LIFE.

AREN'T YOU TWO SUPPOSED TO BE *TIGHT*? YOU'RE ON THE *OLD AVENGERS* TOGETHER--

NEW AVENGERS.

NOOOO... IF YOU AND *FIST* ARE ON IT, THEY ARE MOST DEFINITELY THE *OLD* AVENGERS.

AND YOU CRASHED THIS CEREMONY JUST TO PROVE YOU COULD KICK MY BUTT?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, KID?

NAW-- GIMME SOME *CREDIT*, MAN!

I'M A HERO-FOR-HIRE ON CRAIG'S LIST!

I JUST GOT A TIP VIA EMAIL-- SOMEONE PLANTED A *BOMB* IN THAT GIANT NOVELTY KEY TO THE CITY YOU'RE GETTING, MAN!

BY THE WAY-- I *DO* ACCEPT *PAYPAL*.

"GIANT" AND "NOVELTY" DON'T DESCRIBE THAT KEY AT ALL.

SOUNDS LIKE A DIVERSION BY *SOMEONE* TRYING TO *RUIN* MY MOMENT IN THE *SUN*...

GROW UP, WALL CRAWLER.

I HAD *NOTHING* TO DO WITH THIS.

THE KEY--IT'S *GONE*.

WHILE EVERYONE WAS PAYING ATTENTION TO OUR SCUFFLE, I'M SURE.

OKAY, MAYBE YOUR ANONYMOUS TIPSTER WAS A BIT MORE SINISTER THAN A PRANKSTER.

NOT ANONYMOUS-- HE SIGNED HIS NAME. ONLY REASON I THOUGHT IT WAS LEGIT.

"*NORTON G. FESTER*" WAS THE GUY.

OH, NO...

"...NOT *HIM* AGAIN."

SENDING THE NOOB IN WORKED BETTER THAN WE THOUGHT IT WOULD, MR. FESTER. NO ONE PAID ME ANY MIND AT ALL.

WEREN'T THERE EASIER WAYS TO SWIPE A KEY TO THE CITY, THOUGH?

AT LEAST *THIRTY-EIGHT*, BY MY RECKONING.

BUT *NONE* THAT INVOLVE PUBLICLY HUMILIATING SPIDER-MAN.

THE ICING ON THE CAKE OF GETTING THE KEY INTO MY HANDS.

AND ONCE I UNLOCK WHAT IT HAS KEPT HIDDEN FOR *THREE CENTURIES*...

...*THE LOOTER* WILL LIVE UP TO HIS *NAME*.

NORTON G FESTER

THE LOOTER?!?!

WHAT SORT OF THOUGHTLESS THIEVERY IS THIS PUTRID PILFERER AND PURLOINER PARTAKING IN NOW?!?! FIND OUT...NEXT ISSUE!

IN THE MEANTIME, TO FIND OUT JUST WHO THIS HEARTLESS HIJACKING HOLDUP ARTIST IS...CHECK OUT: MARVEL.COM/UNIVERSE/LOOTER